What an odd winter we are having! So little cold that I expect to see the branches leaf out any day. I must absolutely return to the Louvre this afternoon. Crcmnitx told me where I should look for the Clodions. . . . I am reading all of Goncourt at one time; that is to say, 1 am in the midst of Jules's letters, their *Journal,* and Del/ant's study of their work. . . . What vulnerable natures! . . . I have reflected a great deal about them and around them; but to note down, no matter how roughly, what I think would force me to write slowly again, and that is above all what I want to avoid here,

fimile X. used to work in his father's tailoring shop. But for the last two months the fact that they are working on half-time loaves him free almost every day. And every day ho spends his whole afternoon at the baths. He gets there at one and slays until seven. Is that why he is as beautiful as a Greek statue? He swims remarkably well; and nothing so much as swimming imposes a rhythm, a harmony on one's muscles, or so hardens and lengthens them. Naked he is perfectly at ease; it is when clothed that he seems awkward. In his workman's clothes I hardly recognized him. Most likely he also owes to the habit of nudity the dull and even luster of his flesh. Everywhere his skin is blond and downy; on the hollows of his sacrum, exactly on the spot where imciont statuary puts the little tuft on fauns, this slight down becomes darker. And indeed yesterday afternoon, in the Praxiteles pose, his shoulder leaning against the wall of the pool, firmly and most naturally planted like the Apollo Sauroehtonus, with his slightly snub-nosed and mocking face, he looked like a latter-day faun.

He is fifteen; one sister and one brother; all that remains of eleven children.

At the Louvre, a very long visit to the prints of the Far Eastern Museum; then, going out and entering again through the second court, I look in vain, among the Renaissance sculpture, for the Glodioris that Cremnitz told me about* For a moment I loiter in front of the recent acquisitions (two small children's busts by Houdon, a bust in terracotta by Falconet, and, in a glass case, some very interesting clay models by Carpeaux). Then I launch on a tour of discovery iu the upstairs rooms, reach the new exhibits of period furniture, and finally in the last of them I descry the *Bacchante* I am looking for, "attributed to Clodion," in white marble rather than terracotta as I expected it to be, standing on a rather heavy "music box" decorated with bronze and black marble, I must confess that the reproduction had struck me as more beautiful than the original. This white marble hardly suits such warm lasciviousness. . . . And, going through a few collections of paintings, I loiter